

Fight and Flight

Story: Fight and Flight

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Summary: Oneshot: There are many unsung heroes in the history of Weyard. A certain seagull was one of them.

***Chapter 1*: Fight and Flight**

Fight and Flight

Seagulls rarely live over the age of thirty.

Laridae, as that four eyed bearded geezer insisted on calling him (seriously, what was up with humans and their taxonomy?), didn't know what to make of this any more as to why on Weyard he was still alive. True, he flew towards Jupiter Lighthouse thirty years ago and was there when it went all shiny, but surely that wasn't the reason why he was still alive. Able to soar the sky, pick up fish and send white droppings onto whoever he felt like. No, there had to be a deeper reason, one that went beyond strange music that felt like the introduction to a story and the words *Golden Sun: The Lost Age* flashing before his eyes.

Considering that another lightshow occurred over Mt. Aleph not long after, he had an idea...

So now, here he was, perched in a tree of Tanglewood, one of the many new features of Angara that had sprung up in recent years. A forest at the base of what was left of Mt. Aleph, inhabited with everything from slime to wolves to even normal birds such as himself. Well, normal in the sense that almost all of them were black and mysterious. Heck, the only one who ever talked to him was a raven named Quoth, who seemed to only say "nevermore" half the time.

"Sun's out..." Laridae commented, looking up at the golden orb in the sky. "No psynergy vortexes in sight."

"Nevermore...will Weyard be in the darkness of ignorance."

"Yeah..." the seagull murmured, watching a slime on the forest floor complain that it looked much better as green slime back in Sol Sanctum. "Of course."

"This is outrageous! How can-..."

"Nevermore...will ye be green."

Apparently sanity decreased as one moved further away from the coast. What else could explain ravens named Quoth consoling slime that wanted to be a different colour. What else could explain giant airships blotting out the sun as they...wait a minute...

Laridae let out a white bomb, ignoring the exclamation of an unfortunate rat soldier below him. The...thing, as his avian mind comprehended, was big. Very big. The type of big that was on the scale of Jupiter Lighthouse. Only it was a) flying, b) descending and c)...well, it was *big*.

"Nevermore...can we stay here."

Apparently Quoth's fellow ravens weren't bothered by his monotone, given that they flew off in a flurry of squawks and feathers. Or maybe they just didn't need prompting. Certainly that was the case for Laridae, deciding that whatever this...metal bird wanted, its plans probably wouldn't allow for the presence of a seagull that should, by all rights, be dead.

And thus he flew off.

It was strange really. Flying over forest, over sea, not knowing where to go...It wasn't so much the shock of seeing the airship that had gotten to the gull, but the appreciation of how insignificant he truly was. The airship overshadowed

him, the strange background music drowned out his squawks, the scrolling text...did...

It's happening again. Sol help me, it's happening again!

Thirty years ago, Laridae had flown towards Jupiter Lighthouse as if part of an introduction. Now, as the sun set, as he subconsciously returned to Mt. Aleph, he found himself in exactly the same position.

Well, not quite. This isn't exactly the same as last time. I mean, sure there was music. Sure there was text. But that doesn't mean-...

Golden Sun: Dark Dawn

Damnit!

A/N

I won't claim to be the only one to notice that both The Lost Age and Dark Dawn effectively begin with a bird that looks like a seagull or similar avian flying towards the title screen. Maybe they like flying towards lighthouses and mountains. Maybe like Alex, they're seeking the secrets of alchemy...

...eep.